

101 CONTD.

HARDING

Next time you're up in this part of the world, we must make an evening of it.

SEYMOUR

I'll look forward to it.  
(to MRS. BERESFORD)  
Did you have time to do that copy for me?

MRS. BERESFORD is on her hands and knees by the Filing Cabinet, wading through a great pile of paper while ANNE checks another drawer.

MRS. BERESFORD

I can't understand it ... it must be here somewhere!

HARDING takes one look and his attitude changes abruptly.

HARDING

Where's the contract?

MRS. BERESFORD

(close to tears)  
I just don't understand it, I had it out on Friday - it was on my desk.

SEYMOUR

Doesn't matter ... you can send me a copy. I'm sorry, but I really must be going.

SEYMOUR takes HARDING by his limpid hand.

SEYMOUR

It's been a real pleasure. Goodbye,  
(to MRS. BERESFORD) ... and thanks for the tea and the digestives.

SEYMOUR leaves HARDING gazing after him. He remains still a moment, then suddenly turns on MRS. BERESFORD.

MRS. BERESFORD

Mr. Harding, I promise you I ....

HARDING

Shut up!  
(quieter)  
Alright, you left it on your desk.  
Then what?